

The Bulletin.

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Official Paper of the City and County

JOHN H. O'BRIEN, Editor and Publisher

TERMS OF THE DAILY BULLETIN

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TERMS OF WEEKLY BULLETIN.

One Year, \$1.00

Six Months, .75

Three Months, .50

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Not paid in advance.

Reading matter on every page.

THE \$7,000 given to the Kansas

State Senator, York, by the United

States Senator Pomeroy, as bribe money,

lies in the treasury of that purged and

now honest commonwealth unclaimed.

Neither York nor Pomeroy will have

it, and the treasurer dare not use it.

THE Anti-Monopoly state conven-

tion meets at Springfield to-morrow

and will probably nominate candidates

for the state offices to be filled at the

election next November. What the

convention will amount to we cannot

predict. It ought to inaugurate a new

political era in Illinois, and might do

so, but it is a lamentable fact that there

is reason to believe it will be swallowed

by political sharks. A number of

played-out politicians and demagogues,

who have been discarded by both re-

publicans and democrats have got con-

siderable influence with the Anti-Mon-

opolists, and may control the policy of

the new party. If they do, the organ-

ization will "die in the morning." Al-

exander county will have no represen-

tative in the convention.

A LIFE of Chief Justice Chase by J.

W. Schuckers, his late private secre-

tary, is announced by Appleton & Co.

This is the biography authorized by

the family of the late chief justice, and

will be gotten up in handsome style,

being well illustrated. The material

for this biography was collected in

part, some years ago, some of it per-

haps half a dozen years previous to the

death of Mr. Chase. The long and inti-

mate acquaintance of the writer with the

subject of the biography, an acquaint-

ance begun in Ohio, long before the

clouds of civil war encompassed the

Union, and which, increased and

made more familiar by circumstan-

ces, continued unremittently until the

death of Chief Justice Chase, gave to

Mr. Schuckers peculiar facilities

for becoming thoroughly acquainted

with the public and private life of Mr.

Chase from the beginning of his career

as a public man in Ohio, through his

term as secretary of the treasury and

his service as chief justice of the United

States.

THE Illinois Press Association has

earned for itself the title of a company

of dead beats. The yearly "business"

which calls the association together, is

to "eat, drink and be merry," and to

get all the hotel fare, carriage and

railroad rides they can without pay.

The editors who keep this thing up,

should cease to call themselves the Il-

linois Press Association.—[Cairo Bul-

letin.]

The "Bulletin" makes the mistake

of describing the Illinois Press Asso-

ciation as the editor of that paper as-

sisted to make it. Since his withdrawal

we understand it has greatly im-

proved in its habits.—[Springfield

Journal.]

The editor of THE BULLETIN never

helped to "make" the Illinois Press as-

sociation anything. We were never a

member of the association. Some

slender figure, wavered and reeled al-
most as he tried to make head against
the blast. He had no overcoat, and
the coat he did wear looked, I
thought, faded and shabby. I was try-
ing to slip past him unobserved, for he
never met me without stopping to say
a few words; but he recognized me at
a glance, caught hold of my arm and
asked me to come home with him to the
Queen's hotel at Hastings, where he was stay-
ing and dine. He was without an um-
brella, the rain fell in torrents, and I
covered him as well as I could with
mine. I found he occupied apartments
on the ground floor at the hotel. They
seemed in a sad state of confusion.
The floor was strewn with a litter of
books and papers, and copiously
sprinkled with Turkish tobacco, the
odor of which prevailed the air. The
table was laid with covers for three, but
only myself and the host sat down.
He ate, I observed, very sparingly, and
drank nothing but water, with a dash
of sherry in it. In the evening, as I
was taking my departure, I came upon
the German waiter who had attended at
the table, and hinted that the rooms
might be kept in better order.

"Bless you sir," said the Kellner,
"the place has not been swept or dusted
for a fortnight, that 'ere gent is out-
rageous like if a book or paper is touch-
ed. The manager wants to get him
away, but he has taken the rooms for a
month and won't budge, and he won't
pay that our governor don't like to
disoblige him."

"Waiter," I said sternly, "do you
know who that 'ere gent,' as you call
him, is?"

"Yis sir—no sir," replied the waiter,
in a breath puzzled by the solemnity of
my tone.

"That is Lord Lytton," I said, "the
greatest man in all England. If you
see much of him, and note down
carefully what may become a second
Boswell."

"Lor, sir," said the waiter, "you don't
say so. Our manager thinks the gent is
cracked; he goes out in all weathers
without any great coat, and won't even
take an umbrella; then he never exam-
ines his bills, but scribbles off a check
on any scrap of paper that comes to
hand. It was only the day before yes-
terday a poor woman came with one of
them bits of paper. She said the out-
landish looking gent who lived in our
house had given it to her, and she did
not know what to do with it. He had
come into her cabin to light
his pipe while her husband, a poor fish-
erman who was drowned in the last
gale, lay there dead. He wrote it on
the back of an old letter, and said he
hoped it would do her good. You
can't think of the poor creature's sur-
prise when I brought her back ten
sovereigns which the manager gave me
when he saw the paper. Surely sir, the
gent cannot be all right here," and the
waiter significantly touched his fore-
head. He promised to preserve a faith-
ful diary of his lordship's proceedings;
but when I returned to the hotel about
two years afterward, I found that he
like the poor fisherman, had been
drowned in a storm, and left nothing
behind but a small boy, his son who
had been sent to school at the expense
of the hotel company, with a view of
educating him for the onerous situa-

tion of a page.

Considering Lord Lytton only oc-
cupied himself in composition for four
hours every day, it is surprising the
amount of work he tried to get through.
He never had, at any time during my
acquaintance with him, anything like
good health; he was always placing him-
self under the care of some physician,
and if he heard of any new remedy
which he thought might be applicable
to his own case, he was sure to avail
himself of it. Like his brother, he dis-
tinguished diplomatist, he became in
later life nearly a confirmed hypo-
chondriac, although his intellectual
power did not seem in any way dim-

inished.

I was on a visit at Sudbrook park,
near Richmond, about twenty years
ago. It was then a hypochochondriac
establishment, presided over by a
physician of eminence. To my sur-
prise, I met Lord Lytton strolling up
the avenue one morning, carrying his
pipe in one hand and a small traveling
bag in the other. The London season
was at its height, and Parliament
sitting; but he remained at least one
month, taking his meals at the public
table, walking much in Richmond park
and occupying himself with his papers
and pipe. The tobacco he smoked
was not very strong, but the incessant
use of it must have been highly inju-

rious to nerves so finely strung as his.
He seemed to me to have hardly any
appetite for food; at breakfast he sel-
dom ate more than a mouthful of toast,
and having swallowed a cup of tea, flew
off to the solace of his beloved pipe.
There was, I remember, a space of
tangled brushwood immediately behind
the house, where I have seen him sit
and saunter for hours together, ap-
parently absorbed in thought; and no
one, although the house was full of
people, ever thought of interrupting
his solitude. He arrived without any
servant, and never had a visitor dur-
ing the whole period of his sojourn.
At Knebworth, which is the heredi-
tary seat of the Lyttons, his mother's
family, the novelist did not, in his lat-
ter life, reside much. A friend of
mine, the late Lady Murray, lived at
Aundelbury, only a few miles distant,
and while on a visit there, I had fre-
quent opportunities of hearing of her
famous neighbor. He was extremely
popular and beloved by the lower
orders in all parts of the country, and
his hospitality was apparently without
a limit. People came from all parts
of the world, especially from America,
to see him. The house at Knebworth
was often full, but I don't think the
host always knew who his guests were.
I recollect being struck by the appear-
ance of a remarkable looking man,
bearded like the pard, and I inquired
of the late Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt
if he could inform me who he was.
"I do not know," he said "but I will
ask Edward." He made the inquiry,
but neither Sir Edward nor any one

else in the house could supply the re-
quired information. It appeared that
many foreigners frequently came with
letters of introduction, a few from
Baron Taubnitz, of Vienna; they
were invited, as a matter of course,
to remain for a week or so; and then the
host, too often confined to his own
apartment by illness, would forget all
about them, and they departed as
mysteriously as they came, leaving
some cases, and in this instance in
at least a strong odor of tobacco.
After his departure I was moved into
the room occupied by the distinguished
foreigner, and I found out the mau-
vais odor to my cost.

It is well known that in his early
life Lord Lytton wrote a novel called
"The Last of the Barons." He was the
first noble, the first earl, of his own
race, and it was to me the most affect-
ing part of the melancholy ceremonial
of his funeral to see the earl he had
so nobly won placed at the head of the
senseless clay. Vanitas vanitatem!

HOW THEY DROP SHOT.

One of the "secrets" of the manufacture
of shot is the mixing of the lead with a
certain proportion of a combination of
mineral substances called "temper." The
"temper" is fused with the lead, and gives
the molten metal that consistency which
makes it drop. It is not for the "temper"
the lead would be molded by the
sieve, and would form little pellets
instead of round shot. When "BB" shot,
for instance, are to be made, the temper
corresponding to that size. The little
pellets come pouring down in a contin-
uous shower, and fall into a tank filled
with water on the ground floor. In their
descent of two hundred feet they become
so fast, firm and dense, and they are
so tolerably cool when they strike the
water, although the swift concussion
makes the tank foam and bubbles if the
water was boiling furiously. The shot
must fall in water for if they should
strike any firm substance they would be
dented and knocked out of shape. To get
the little pellets perfectly dry after they
have been in the "well" is the most dif-
ficult and troublesome process of the whole
manufacture. An elevator with small
buckets (very much like those used in
floor mills) carries the shot up as fast as
they reach the bottom of the "well," and
deposits them in a box sixty feet above
the first floor. The water drips from the
buckets as they go up, and not much is
poured into the receiver above, although
it is intended to be a sort of dripping ma-
chine. From this receiver the shot runs
down a spout into a dry-pan, which
greatly resembles a gigantic shoe made
of sheet iron. The pan runs at an angle
which permits the wet shot to roll slowly
down to the chamber below, and the pel-
lets become perfectly dry as they pass
over the warm sheet iron.

A GRANGER'S DREAM.

The "Lancet," a staunch
granger paper, publishes the following,
which is too good to be lost:

"A granger dreamed that he died;
he went straight up to the spirit world;
he knocked at the gates of New Jeru-
salem and it was opened unto him.
The books were opened. He was asked,
'Did you ever belong to any
secret society?' to which he replied,
'I did—to the grangers.' 'Then, sir,
you cannot be admitted—depart.' He
then went to the bottomless pit, where
the same questions were asked him by
the devil, and again he was told to
depart. After he was gone a little
way off he was accosted by the homely
ruler of the pit, when the following
propositions were made: 'Stranger,'
said Nick, 'I will not admit you here;
they do not want you in heaven; but I
will sell you two hundred barrels of
brimstone for cash, ten per cent off,
and you can start a little hell of your
own, with no agents or middle men.'"

MISCELLANEOUS.

R. SMYTH & CO.

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CAIRO, ILLINOIS

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(Successor to Parker & Blake.)

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And the celebrated illuminating

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MAKER,

Commercial Avenue

Between Tenth and Eleventh Streets,

CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

Is prepared to fill orders without delay.

He has a new stock of imported leather on

hand, just received from New York, and has

put down the prices to the lowest notch.

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A large supply of Pittsburg and Big

Muddy coal constantly on hand. Stove

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I take pleasure in calling

the attention of the public to

my fresh and full stock of

new and elegant Furniture, at

my Furniture and Mattress

Factory, corner Seventeenth

Street and Washington Ave-

nue. My stock embraces

Bedsteads, Wadroses, Bu-

reaus, Sideboards, Wash-

stands, Tables, Chairs, Bug-

gies, Mattresses and, in a word,

all that is useful or orna-

mental in my line.

This being the only manu-

factory of Furniture in this

city, I propose offering better

at lower prices and

have made a large reduction

in the prices of all my goods.

Call and examine my stock

and secure an outfit of choice

Furniture. To the wholesale

trade I offer special induc-

ements. Note the place

Corner Seventeenth Street and

Washington Avenue, Cairo, Ills.

Wm. EICHHOFF

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fur-

niture and Mattresses.

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IT IS NOT TRUE

THAT

DR. HULTZ

IS DEAD.

HE IS STILL LIVING AND IN CAIR

His office and dispensary at

No. 22 EIGHTH STREET,

Between Commercial and Washington avenues

It is true, the doctor is one of the oldest

physicians of the place, and his diploma,

that hangs in his office, shows that he has

been 32 years in the profession. He is doing

a larger office practice than any other phy-

sician, treating all kinds of chronic diseases

of the human system, such as old ulcers, and

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS NORMAL

UNIVERSITY.

CARBONDALE Jackson County,

May 10, 1874.

On condition that a sufficient number of
young persons desire, and are willing to
contribute a very small sum toward defray-
ing expenses—say two dollars each, to be
paid in advance—Normal Institute will be
held in the new building, commencing July 1st
the day of dedicating the building, and continue
until July 31. The Principal of the University
will have charge, and the members of
the faculty will give the main part of the in-
struction. At least ten lectures will be given
and, if the cash contributed is sufficient, the
best men of this state—Missouri and Indi-
ana, will be brought in for these lectures.

If not more than one hundred and fifty at-
tend, the personal control with the instruc-
tors will be greater and the profit more; and
as the expense of the institution will be the
same, the fee should be five dollars. If three
hundred attend, the fee could be reduced to
three dollars.

As the state legislature makes no provi-
sion for paying the expense of such an in-
stitute, so desirable to and valuable to public
Southern Illinois, add another favor to the
many they have already done the commu-
nity, and give this announcement several
gratuitous insertions in a good place, and
call the attention of teachers to it?

Let all who wish to attend, send their
names at once—and not later than June 20,
prox—to Dr. Roberts, secretary of trustees of
Southern Illinois Normal University, Carbon-
dale.

A board can be had in Carbondale at
reasonable rates.

N. B.—The Institute cannot be held with-
out less than one hundred and fifty who will pay
five dollars each.

ROBERT ALLEN,
Principal of Faculty.

BOAT STORES

G. D. WILLIAMSON,

WHOLESALE GROCER,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

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No. 78 OHIO LEVEE,

CAIRO, ILLINOIS

C. O. PATTER

FINE MILLINERY GOODS

FRESH SPRING GOODS

MRS. M. JACKSON,

(Formerly Mrs. Swanders.)

announces that she has just opened a large

assortment of the

NEWEST,

MOST FASHIONABLE,